

## TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

### Circuit Court.

Robert C. Jackson, Judge; H. Bane Harman, clerk. Terms of court—1st Monday in April, 4th Monday in August and 1st Monday in December.

### County Court.

J. H. Stuart, Judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—Tuesday after 3d Monday in each month.

### Officers.

Barnes Gillespie, Com'ly. Atty. James Bandy, Sheriff. Jno. W. Crockett, Deputy Sheriff. H. P. Brittain, Treasurer. H. G. McCall, County Surveyor. S. V. Kelly, Address, Unaka, Va. P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools, Address, Snapps, Va.

## THE CHURCHES.

### Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Public worship of God on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 A. M., on the 2nd and 4th at 8:00 P. M. Meeting for prayer, Wednesday at 8:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Young men's prayer meeting each Sunday at 3 P. M. A most cordial welcome is extended to all. R. A. KELLY, Pastor.

### Church of Christ.

Preaching 1st and 3rd Sunday at 8:00 P. M. and 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 A. M. Prayer meeting Saturday night at 8 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 A. M. ROBERT ELMORE, Pastor.

### Presbyterian Church.

First Sunday, morning and afternoon. Barke's Garden, second, third and fourth Sundays, morning and night, at Tazewell. S. O. HALL, Pastor.

## SECRET ORDERS.

### CLINCH VALLEY

COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets first Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C. W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

### O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 28.

Meets second Monday in each month. W. C. PENDLETON, H. P. W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

### TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 42, F. & A. M.

Meets the 3rd Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFE, W. M. JNO S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

### TAZEWELL TABERNACLE, PILGRIM KNIGHTS.

Meets 4th Monday in each month. JAMES O'KEEFE, Chief. W. G. YOUNG, Sec'y.

### TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 100 K. O. F. P.

Meets every Thursday night in Odd Fellows Hall. R. M. STEELE, C. C. J. B. CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.

A. J. & S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

FULTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, S. M. R. Coulten will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. H. Fulton, Winchester, Va. S. M. R. Coulten, Tazewell, Va.

GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Columbia building. J. H. Greever, James Gillespie.

GEORGE W. ST. LAURENCE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office—Columbia building.

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Columbia building. Collecting a specialty.

BOWEN & ROYALL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Columbia building. Collecting a specialty.

M. B. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Richlands, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office in Strasburg, Va.

GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Columbia building. Collecting a specialty.

BOTHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Office up stairs in Law Building. Practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Columbia building. Collecting a specialty.

Black Diamonds. The black diamonds, are being drilled for mining work. The combination of hard and soft rocks, and the possession by no one of the rights to them, are used to rock the river. They are used to rock the river. They are used to rock the river.

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## PASTOR AND FARMER'S LAD.

One of the parish sent one morning a farmer kind and able—a nice fat turkey, raised on corn. To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the towel, and thus addressed the pastor: "Bless me if I ain't tired! Here is a gobble for my master."

The pastor said: "Thou should'st not thus present the fowl to me! Come take my chair, and for me act, and I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy, the fowl the pastor took, went out with it, and then came in with a pleasant smile and look:

And to his young prot. he said: "Dear sir, my honored master presents to you, and for yourself, respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy. "Your master is a gentleman and scholar. My thanks to him, and for yourself. Here is a half a dollar."

The pastor felt around his mouth. A most peculiar twitching; and to the gobble holding fast. He "botted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook. And came back in a minute; then took the youngster's hand and left it a half a dollar in it.

Western Teacher.

## A Soldier's Reparation

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

At the time when the United States and the Mexican governments made that temporary treaty which allowed the troops of either to invade the territory of the other when in pursuit of hostile Indians fleeing across the border, James Tracy was a second lieutenant in the 3rd Cavalry. It was during the height of the Geronimo trouble, and Tracy, with his troop, dismounted, and after a soul and body wearying march on the trail of the wily Apache, found himself in the heart of one of the dreariest, most God forsaken mountain countries in the whole range of the southern country.

The troop was exhausted and practically without water, the men having not a drop to drink save what was in their canteens. They had cut loose from a river in the early morning, expecting to find another when the day was done, but not as much as a rivulet had they found. There was no coffee to drink and there wasn't a light heart in the outfit. Tracy was unhappy. It wasn't wholly his suffering condition and that of his men which weighed on him. Just before leaving the Arizona post he had received news that his younger brother, John, had been committed to state's prison in a far northeastern state. The officer had seen his home only once since his graduation. He had stayed away purposely. His brother had been a trusted bank employee. Then came suspicion, then conviction and a sentence. John Tracy protested his innocence of the crime charged against him, and his family, knowing the lad, believed him, but the circumstantial evidence was overwhelming, and in spite of the efforts of the aged father, who spent his time and his money in the lad's defense, he went to prison.

Before the troop had left Fort Banks with its nose to the hot trail of Geronimo there had joined as an enlisted man a strapping young fellow who said that he came from St. Louis. His name was Barlow, and he was assigned to the troop of which Tracy was the junior officer, and he went with it on its chase across the border after the Apache chief.

Barlow on every occasion possible attached himself to Tracy's person. Whenever there was a scouting party detached from the main body and put under the second lieutenant's command Barlow asked that he might be assigned to it to share in the scouting duty. He was a reserved fellow, and apparently of superior education. There was no camp jokes for him. He was grave and taciturn to a degree. Tracy had noticed the evident attachment of the man to him, and as he was a capable soldier and willing to do and die anything he was glad to have him a part of his outfit when on detached and dangerous service.

On the morning following the night that the troop was practically without water and in a country as devoid of green things, save the forbidding cactus, as is the Staked Plain of Texas, the troop commander told Tracy that he had better make a short reconnaissance, feel out the country for the enemy and above all try to locate water. To attempt a march under that hot Mexican sun with the men, and with any idea of effective service, was foolhardy. They must first strike water.

Tracy told his captain that he would take but one man with him; that they would strike southwest, where it was thought a better prospect of water lay, and that they would return as soon as a find was made. He selected Barlow for his companion, and the two struck out through the black, sun-seared country.

They went on for three hours. Not a drop of the element of which they were in search. Their tongues were blistered. They drank sparingly of the water in their canteens, pressed on for another hour and then knew that they must return.

Back they started. They followed their own onward trail as well as they could, but at times it was lost, and then circling was necessary to take it up again. At noon they lost it, and could not find it again. There was a great jagged rock rising to the westward which neither recognized.

"Lieutenant," said Barlow, "we're going wrong. We never came this way. The sun doesn't sit right. It should bear more to our right. I believe that we are going almost directly at right angles to the camp."

They circled again and again, but no trace of the trail. Then the conclusion forced itself on Tracy that they were lost. They wandered on until the sun went down beyond the black rocks. Then they each drank sparingly of the precious contents of the canteens, and lay down on the gray desert to sleep.

The sun came up like a red-hot round shot. Tracy and Barlow ate the last of their single ration, and took one swallow of water apiece. Then on they went again. Twenty-four hours passed. The sun came up once more, and with its coming they staggered forward. The canteens were empty. They looked for the cactus whose leaf yields a juice that helps them off the demon of thirst. They did not find it. The only vegetation occasional clumps of stunted leafy pear cactus, the juice of whose succulent leaves they drank.

After 24 hours. The men cheered when they saw the soldiers they

were. Tracy began to feel the coming of delirium. Oh, for a draught of water! He looked at Barlow. The man's eyes were burning, but they had a courage in them, and something else in their depths which Tracy never before had seen there. On and on and on. They could not go farther. Suddenly Barlow turned to Tracy and in a voice that was choked from the clutching of thirst's hand at his throat, "Lieutenant, I was afraid that we might be tempted to drink this long ago, so I saved it for the last extremity. Lieutenant, I have one good drink of water apiece left in my canteen."

Barlow shook the canteen, and Tracy heard the splash of the water within.

"Drink, Barlow," said Tracy, "drink. You saved it, and it should be yours. Drink, drink it, I say. It may give you strength to go on. If you get back, boy, and the men strike water, ask them to come after my body."

Tracy was reeling. His brain was awfully and his whole system on fire.

"Lieutenant," said Barlow, "I had more in my canteen than you had in yours when we started. Men in an extremity like this should share and share alike. I'll take my cup and we'll divide the water."

"Is there enough for the two and to do any good?" asked Tracy.

"Yes," said Barlow, "One good drink for each."

"Drink first," said Tracy. "I'll not touch a drop till my command is served."

"All right, sir," said Barlow.

Tracy turned away for a moment. He heard the gurgle of water. Would it never come his turn to drink? Barlow spoke. "Lieutenant, I'm afraid I took more than half. Here is what's left."

He poured the water gurgling from the canteen into the cup. There was a good round drink. "Take it, lieutenant," said Barlow, "I had more than that."

Tracy seized the cup and drained it. Oh, the joy of it. New life went surging through him. His eyes cleared. He looked at Barlow. There was no new life in the man's eyes. His lip was drooping.

"Barlow," said Tracy, almost fiercely, "you deceived me. You never drank a drop."

Something like a smile came into Barlow's face.

"Forgive me, lieutenant," he said, "but there was only enough for one," and then he staggered and fell forward. Tracy caught him in his arms, and, weak though he was, managed to support the burden.

"Lieutenant," whispered Barlow, "go on. You are strong enough and may reach the camp. If you do just come back and bury me here."

Then the man drew his officer's head close to him and whispered something. Barlow almost let fall his burden.

"Yes, it's true, I was innocent and your brother was innocent and he drew a knife from his blouse and put it in Tracy's hand. "Forgive me, lieutenant," he said, and as he spoke his empty canteen swung from his side and struck against Tracy's knee.

"Forgive you? Yes, Barlow," he said.

The enlisted man looked up, smiled, and then there was but one living soul in the desert.

Tracy let his burden gently to the earth, and then he pressed on, for now there was an added life in his veins and an added interest in living.

He reached the top of the ridge and looked down. The camp was below him. Not the old camp, but the old troop and a new camp and by the bank of a stream.

Refreshed with food, sleep and the yet more precious water, Tracy recovered. The paper which Barlow had given him contained proof of his brother's innocence. Tracy led a squad back to the point where he had left Barlow. They found his body. There was peace in the man's face. He was given a soldier's burial, and on the little wilderness grave Lieut. Tracy planted a cross and a little fluttering flag—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not Necessarily the Same.

"It seems to me," grumbled a member of the committee on resolutions, "it is taking us a mighty long time to get up a declaration of principles."

"Declaration of principles!" thundered exclaiming the chairman. "Thunder! We're getting up a platform!"—Chicago Tribune.

Real Thing.

Miles—Did you ever see one of those tank dramas?

Giles—Sure. I once witnessed a performance of "Ten Nights in a Barroom."—Chicago Daily News.

INTRODUCTION ETIQUETTE.

Some Rules Which are Generally Recognized by People in Polite Society.

It is always proper for a gentleman to ask some common friend to introduce him to a lady. Men seldom ask to be introduced to each other. A lady in her own house may introduce all her guests without previous asking permission. At large receptions introductions are not expected except to the person or persons in whose honor the hospitality is given, but at less formal occasions guests should be presented to each other when it can be done without great effort. It is not customary in polite society to introduce an incoming visitor to more than one person at a time or a very small group, and an interesting conversation must not be interrupted for the purpose of introducing a new member to the group. As a dancing party or ball where much of the pleasure depends on having plenty of partners and acquaintances it is well for the hostess or patroness to introduce the guests as generally as may be agreeable, always asking a lady's permission when a man wishes to be presented, says American Queen.

Many persons in making an introduction pronounce the words so carelessly that neither is able to guess the other's name when the form is over. It is better to confess at once if a name has escaped your memory, and ask the person to repeat it to you so that you can introduce him without any misunderstanding or embarrassment. Always remember to say the names intelligibly.

Casual introductions upon the street, in a store or place of public amusement may be made to avoid stiffness or embarrassment, but acquaintances made in this way are seldom elated afterwards, unless there is a decided and obvious pleasure to both parties in pursuing the acquaintance so slightly begun.

An obscure private individual should never be eager to be presented to a celebrity; acquaintances should be made through natural means, never forced, and prominent and distinguished persons are as a rule too busy to spend much time upon unknown persons unless some real good is likely to result.

A lady, unless she has quite the advantage in years, rises when another is introduced to her; when a man is presented she keeps her seat and bows and smiles with the degree of cordiality she may deem expedient. It is a gracious act for a mature woman to offer her hand to a younger one. It is usual for all persons at an introduction to express pleasure, though the stereotyped "pleased to meet you" is now considered provincial.

CAUSE AND CURE OF BOILS.

Bacteria Which Penetrate the Skin and Produce a Most Distressing Affection.

Boils are directly due to infection of the tissues with germs. There are always found upon the skin germs capable of producing boils and other forms of suppurative processes if introduced into the system. Ordinarily, however, the body does not suffer from the close proximity of these noxious elements, for the reason that the tissues are able to destroy, in various ways, the small number of bacteria which penetrate the skin, says Good Health. When, however, by any means the vitality of the system becomes lowered to a sufficient degree, invasion by these parasitic microbes through a scratch, a pin prick, or any other abrasion of the skin, may give rise to the multiplication of germs and the production of pus, with the accompanying swelling, pain and suppuration.

Some of the most common causes of the tissue degeneration which renders the production of boils possible are flesh-eating, the free use of fats, constipation and indigestion. Repeated attacks of boils can be averted only by removing the cause, whatever it may be. A nonflesh diet is in the highest degree important in cases of this sort. The use of antiseptic tablets is a valuable means of destroying the germs that are present in the stomach and bowels, or of preventing their further development. An almost exclusive fruit diet should be adopted for a few days, and the plan of making one meal of the day entirely of fruit should be followed for a few weeks at least. A daily warm bath, followed by a short cold bath, plenty of out-of-door exercise, and care to secure prompt, regular, daily movement of the bowels, are other measures of importance. A boil may generally be avoided by injecting into it a few drops of a 20-per-cent. solution of carbolic acid. Hot applications are useful in relieving pain.

Gooseberry Pie.

Make a puff paste. Line the sides of a deep dish, spread a layer of sugar over the bottom, and invert a small cup in the center of the dish. Fill nearly full with fruit, add a liberal quantity of sugar, and one-half a cupful of water. Cover with the paste and brush over with milk. Bake slowly one hour. When done raise one side of the crust carefully and remove the cup.—Ladies' World, New York.

Orange Meringue.

Scald one quart of rich milk and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch together; add one-half of a cupful of sugar, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and the grated rind and juice of three oranges. Boil for three minutes. Cover with the beaten sweetened whites of the eggs and brown slightly in the oven. Serve cold, with or without cream.—Housekeeper.

HUMOROUS.

Mother—"Oh, Mildred! You naughty little girl! You know you oughtn't to slap Elsie's face!" Mildred—"Where ought I to slap her, then, mummy?"—Punch.

So Like a Darguin—"She didn't used to care anything about getting into the car," "No; but she's learned that it has been reduced to 35¢."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Correcting Him.—Teacher—"Say, 'they aren't,' or 'they are not.' You must never say 'they ain't.'" Tommy—"Why not?" Teacher—"Because it ain't proper, that's why."—Philadelphia Press.

She—"Married? The ideal and she was just beginning to make her name famous as a novelist." He—"It only proves that no woman can make her name so famous that she wouldn't change it if she got a chance."—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Used to It.—She—"Mr. Hiler used to be well spoken of." He—"Late he is in bad odor." He—"Yes; but that's only on account of his automobile. I don't like the smell myself, but they say it doesn't keep going to get used to it."—Boston Transcript.

A Pretty Sure Sign.—"How is Brown getting along? Is he prosperous?" "Well, his actions certainly would lead one to suppose he was prosperous." "Spending money freely?" "Oh, no, it's not that, but he's advising each of his friends as are having hard luck not to get discouraged."—Chicago Post.

The owner of a small yacht has in his employ a Finn who acts in the double capacity of cook and deck-hand, and whom he had always regarded as single. The other day the Finn admitted that he had a wife and two boys in Finland, for whom he proudly boasted, he recently purchased a \$900 house out of his earnings as a sailor. "Why doesn't your wife live over here?" asked his employer. "Vell, sir, she don't agree with the climate!" was the response. —N. Y. Post.

## DOCTORS

"Consumption can be cured." Nature alone won't do it. It needs help. Doctors say.

Scott's Emulsion is the best help. But you must continue its use even in hot weather.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 435 Pearl Street, New York, N. Y. and all druggists.

when they are the hungriest would be when their stomachs are empty; yet, paradoxical as it may seem to be, such is not the case.

"It will be found that when trout are rising best to the fly, or are taking bait with most avidity, there is plenty of food in their stomachs, frequently so much, in fact, that it would seem impossible that any more could be taken in."

"Why this should be no one can tell. It is a fact, nevertheless, which any fisherman may easily verify by investigation."

A Revered "Father's" Joke.

A prominent Episcopal clergyman who lives in Mount Airy, and whose severe clerical attire and smooth-shaven face frequently give rise to the belief that he is a priest of the Catholic church, is chuckling over an experience that befell him the other day. "I was going to the city," he said, "and seated directly in front of me in the train were a young Irish couple and a little child. The little one was very playful and peered roughly at me over the back of the seat. From flirting with the little girl I got into conversation with the parents, and I noticed that to my questions they would reply: 'Yes, father,' or 'no, father.' Finally the mother plucked up sufficient courage to remark: 'You seem very fond of children, father.' 'Of course, I am,' I said. 'I have six of my own at home.' She should have seen them look at each other in horror."—Philadelphia Record.

One Good Reason.

"I don't see," said the first intellectual gentleman, "why people turn their noses up at the thought of eating locusts, yet devour the soft crab with avidity."

"It is because," explained the second individual, who was a natural-born reasoner, "the locust may be had for nothing, but the crab comes at a dollar a dozen, and hard to get at that."—Baltimore American.

Discovered at Once.

Police Agent first called your attention to the fact that your house had been robbed?

She—I missed my hand-mirror.—Town Topics.

ORDERED THEIR HAIR CUT.

What happened to two American newspaper correspondents in St. Vincent.

The large corps of newspaper correspondents which went down to the West Indies after the volcano disasters brought back a number of interesting stories of their adventures at St. Vincent and Martinique. The best of these, perhaps, is one concerning two well-known correspondents who started to explore the streets of St. Vincent town, says the Washington Star. One of them went into a hat shop and the other waited outside for his companion to emerge. While basking in the hot sunlight a great six-foot West Indian negro came up to him and inquired if he was from the United States steamship Dixie. The correspondent replied in the affirmative, whereupon the negro informed him that he represented the St. Vincent board of health, and that the correspondent must have his hair cut immediately or return to his ship. The newspaper man smiled scornfully. The negro did not, but firmly told him that he must take him back to his ship if he refused to lose his locks. And the negro looked as if he could do it. At this juncture the correspondent's friend came out of the hat store and joined him. The big negro presented the same ultimatum to the newcomer, and finally both correspondents were escorted down the street by the alleged health official.

As they turned into an intersecting thoroughfare the trio met with a policeman, and in a twinkling the staid negro had become but a flying black streak away down the avenue. The two men told the story to the guardian of the peace, who smiled sardonically. "Why, that man is a barber," he said, "and keeps a shop right down on the next corner."

Accounting for a Plague.

In the middle of the fourteenth century the city of Paris passed an ordinance enjoining the cleansing of the streets and the shutting up of swine. It was neglected, as usual, and a terrible plague was the consequence. The faculty of medicine, called upon for a remedy by the king, sent to inform him after long discussion that the plague was the result of a hostile conjunction of the planets Mars and Jupiter.—N. Y. Tribune.

HOUSEWORK

Too much housework wrecks women's nerves. And the constant care of children, day and night, is often too trying for even a strong woman. A haggard face tells the story of the overworked housewife and mother. Deranged nerves, leucorrhoea and falling of the womb result from overwork. Every housewife needs a remedy to regulate her menses and to keep her sensitive female organs in perfect condition.

WINE OF CARDUI

Is doing this for thousands of American women to-day. It cures Mrs. Jones and that is why she writes this frank letter:

Glendale, Ky., Feb. 10, 1901.

I am so glad that your Wine of Cardui is helping me. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. I am doing my own work without any help, and I washed that head which was so sore and it feels so good. I am getting fatter and heartier. Before I began taking Wine of Cardui, I used to have to lie down five or six times every day, but now I don't think of lying down through the day.

51.00 AT DRUGGISTS.

For sale and literature, address, Geo. E. Briggs, 111 E. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. The Chicago Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

## PARKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Turf Is Not So Much Hurt by the Feet as It Is from Soil Exhaustion.